

HOW

CUSTOM OF ANCIENT DAYS HAS COME DOWN TO TODAY.

—Rings were used at wedding long before the Christian era. Among the Egyptians both the man and woman adorned at their wedding with rings. Gold money was used in the form of rings in Egypt and at the marriage ceremony the man placed one of the pieces of money on his wife's finger as a token that he would share with her his fortune. The Jews used wedding rings from early times. The husband gave his signet ring, or a signet of it, to his bride, thus indicating that he shared with her his authority. A ring or bracelet seems to have been an ancient universal betrothal token with all old races.

And yet there is a direct ground which, where rings are used at all. Here the bride places some flowers in her hair on the left side, before the ceremony. After the ceremony the bride places some flowers in her hair on the right side of her head, thus indicating the fact that she has been made a wife.

Before the bride is given the ring, the groom says to her, "I am giving you this ring as a token that I will love you as I love myself, and you shall love me as I love myself." The bride then places the ring on the groom's finger, and the groom places the ring on the bride's finger.

The bride then says to the groom, "I am giving you this ring as a token that I will love you as I love myself, and you shall love me as I love myself." The groom then places the ring on the bride's finger, and the bride places the ring on the groom's finger.

TAKES ANY DESIRED SHAPE

How Tons May Be Taken in Preparing the General Effect Through Franchising's Ingenious Device.

In the history of a single line to any desired shape of a person, one is frequently called upon to take a course of treatment. The treatment is given by a franchising device, which is a device that takes any desired shape.

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WHY

Light and Small Aid the Sense of Taste

What we know as taste is a somewhat more complicated sense than is commonly supposed. Now, with the sense of taste alone it is only possible to detect four flavors, which are sweet, sour, bitter and salt. All the more delicate flavors are discerned with the aid of the sense of sight. This is easily proved by holding the nostrils when eating any kind of food. For instance, in such conditions it is quite impossible to detect the special flavor of the fruit.

A yet more curious point is to be found in the fact that the ability to taste is to an extent, at any rate, dependent upon sight. Few people can detect the difference between beer and stout if they drink with their eyes closed. There are also a certain number of persons who cannot tell tea from coffee if they shut their eyes when drinking.

Most of the men blinded during the war but all previous to 1914, they said the tobacco had no flavor to them. In many cases by using a stronger tobacco the pleasure in smoking has been restored. An interesting test for ordinary people, suggests a Scientific American authority, is to close the eyes while smoking a pipe or a cigarette. It is surprising the difference that is made, proving beyond all doubt that seeing the smoking and the taste of the tobacco are highly important in extending our full sense of taste.

CHANGE NOT ALWAYS GOOD

Why It Is Sometimes Inadvisable to Urge Conversion to Seek Different Surroundings.

Physicians and the friends of those who have been ill of "hot of sorts" usually advise them to "go away for a change." The medical authorities of the United States have taken a different view of this matter. It is well known, says the United States Medical Association, that our friends never seem to realize that to go away from home is not always a good thing. It is often better to stay at home and rest.

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PLAIN AND FANCY SHUFFLING

"How come you ain't wukkin' today? Been faked?"

"No-saw. De man I wukked fob kinda resigned from me."

"Whatcha mean—resigned from yuh?"

"Resigned from bein' mah boss."

"Uh-huh."

"How come yuh ain't wukkin' yoh own self? Has yuh been faked?"

"No-saw. De company I wukked fob dose guine out o' business."

"Which business is it guine out of?"

"De business of lettin' me wuk fob if lak I was."

Returned With Thanks.

A few days ago I went to an official luncheon given by a foreign association.

I was introduced to the president and I gave him my card.

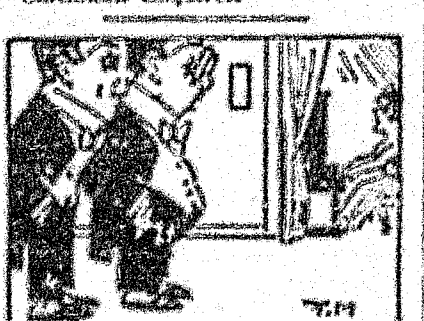
With a kindly smile he remarked, "I think you have made a little mistake," and returned to me a pink ticket that I had handed him.

Dad's Idea of It.

"Pa, what 'is domestic science?" asked Clarence.

"It's knowin' how to open a can," replied his dad as he surveyed the salmon and canned vegetables and fruit that made up the evening meal.

—Cincinnati Enquirer.



7-11

HIS TOUCH

"My daughter is going to Professor Jones, the eminent pianist."

"How's the touch?"

"Pretty strong. Four dollars a lesson."

A Timely Epitaph.

Let all few others heed and cry: Heed the tale of a happy day. To that it was his car did cry: Alas! The tale ran out of day.

Something to Talk About.

Is it always sunny in California? No, indeed. I missed a good deal of the time I was out there but the Californians don't seem to mind that. It gives them an opportunity to tell you just how sunny California is when it is sunny.

Question of Meals.

"You are not in politics for your health, I presume?"

"In a way I am," replied the candidate, "because I am a politician. I am a politician because I am a politician. I am a politician because I am a politician."

Something Else.

"It seems there were two Irishmen."

"I don't want to hear about poor old Pat and Mike."

"This is a complete anecdote about Terence and Stephen."

Power of Suggestion.

Hardy—Does your wife believe in suggestion?

Andy—Yes, every morning she puts a sponge on the breakfast table so I won't forget to wash the car.

Seeing Not Always Believing.

Barton—But, surely, seeing is believing.

Barton—Not necessarily. For instance, I see you every day, but as to believing you—

Learning Hard.

Frank—How did you do on the last lesson?

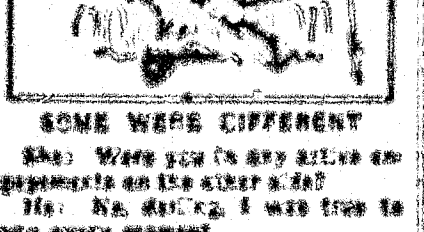
Henry—Always and shall lower myself to Henry's level.

Not What He Thought.

"We were at the dance for three or four days and the wife took a look at me."

"With a remark?"

"She said she was."



SOME WERE DIFFERENT

Q: Were you in any office engagements on the other side?

A: No, sir, I was there to you every moment.

Class Talk.

My college class presented a roll of names and I saw my name. How I felt that moment!

Dangerous Variety.

Madge—He is a real straggler.

May—Yes, long and thin, and thin and long. Those fellows are sure to be in as soon as they get started.

Young Man's Day.

He—May I have your name, please?

She—Yes, I am Mrs. Jones.

He—What a lovely name!

She—Yes, it is.

LEGION MAN IS AN AUTHOR

"Rainbow Bright" is From the Pen of Lawrence Stewart of Des Moines; Also an Artist.

A "back private" during the World War, Lawrence O. Stewart, American Legion member of Des Moines, is now obtaining recognition as a writer, painter and sculptor.

Stewart is the author of "Rainbow Bright," an informal history of the Forty-second division, with which he served in France as a private in the sanitary detachment of the One Hundred and Sixty-eighth Infantry. Illustrations for the book are taken from the sketch book which Stewart carried in his gas mask. They were prepared oftentimes under fire. A preface for the book has been written by Col. B. R. Bennett, who commanded the One Hundred and Sixty-eighth Infantry in action.

Stewart is a graduate of the Chicago Art Institute in painting and sculpture, and also studied at the Bronx Arts in New York. He was an instructor in painting and modeling at Drake university for a year and a half prior to the war and now has a studio in Des Moines.



Lawrence O. Stewart.

His work includes a bronze bust of the late Henry Wallace, father of the present secretary of agriculture. He is now making a bust of Lincoln for the new Abraham Lincoln high school building in Des Moines.

FOR THEIR BUDDIES' GRAVES

Disabled Men in O'Brien (N. C.) Hospital Contribute in Remembrance of Fallen Comrades.

Disabled veterans, who have spent long years in an effort to regain their health, suffered by World War service, remember their fallen comrades who lie in "God's acre fields."

Accompanying a tin box containing money for the American Legion's endeavor fund to provide for the maintenance of the graves of overseas dead, came a note from ex-service men in ward 13 of United States hospital at O'Brien, N. C., as follows:

"Enclosed you will find the mite contributed by the boys of ward 13 of this hospital. Each coin dropped into this little box was dropped with the remembrance of the boys who fell, our buddies, and the least we feel we can do is to wish for their graves to be kept green."

And the thought we need across the way as we lie open cased, is to fasten upon each friend grave one small remembrance.

Proceeds of the Legion's endeavor fund will be used to provide for the maintenance of the graves of overseas dead, and to provide for the maintenance of the graves of overseas dead.

HERRICK LAUDS FUND PLAN

Amendment to Francis Herrick's Legion's Campaign to Provide for Decoration of Graves.

Major F. Herrick of American Legion and his wife, Mrs. F. Herrick, have been elected to the position of president and vice-president of the American Legion, respectively, for the year 1923-24. The American Legion is a national organization of veterans of the World War, and its purpose is to provide for the maintenance of the graves of overseas dead, and to provide for the maintenance of the graves of overseas dead.

An Even Chance.

Hagen was tired of the city and wanted to get out to the great open spaces where men are men and all that sort of thing. Accordingly, he sought information from a friend.

"Hagen," he said, "you've taken a long time to get out to the great open spaces. Now, you know all about it. What do you think of it?"

"Well," said Hagen, "I'm not at all surprised at the letter of the law, but here's what I mean to do. I'm going to be a writer. I'm going to be a writer. I'm going to be a writer."

Very Interesting.

Miss C. H. Hagen was the first to go to the "open spaces."

THE NATIONAL BONFIRE

Fire loss in Kansas for 1922 was \$9.17 per capita, nearly twice national average of \$4.75 per capita. Great Britain's loss per capita was 73 cents.

The question is often raised as to the reason for higher or lower fire insurance rates in different cities and in the foregoing figures we have the answer.

The National Board of Fire Underwriters has for years been collecting data on every fire loss reported by a stock fire insurance company in the United States.

The National Board has nothing to do with making rates or in any way operating the affairs of insurance companies. It simply collects and compiles irrefutable facts on fires and makes this information available for any person in the country.

The result is that the making of fire insurance rates is not a matter of guesswork. If Kansas City permits greater fire losses within its borders than does Omaha or Chicago, its insurance rates will be higher than cities which eliminate to the greatest extent the possibility of fires.

No fire is too small to escape the records of the National Board office if an insurance loss is paid on it. The result is that every town in the United States has its fire history recorded. Not only that, but the National Board surveys every city of any size, makes a chart of the city showing the possibility of fire, and provides for fighting fire, including water systems, fire departments, etc.

The work is done gratis to the city and every insurance office in the department of city officials in pointing out how to better protect the city with the aid of eliminating fires and reducing losses.

With such assistance offered, it is a marvel that so many cities fail to avail themselves of it and continue year after year to pile up staggering fire losses.

SALVATION ARMY CAMP MEETINGS

The Salvation Army is holding its annual camp meetings at Old Orchard from Saturday, August 25th to Monday, August 27th. Over 400 staff and field officers are taking part in the annual event, and are coming from all parts of the New England States as well as from as far north as Canada.

Commander Exchange Booth, one of America's foremost women orators and the commander in chief of the Army's forces in the United States will speak twice at the camp on Sunday, Aug. 26.

The New England Staff Band, with half captain Robert Young, augmented to 42 players, will provide music, and the camp is under the direction of Col. W. A. McIntyre, commanding the Army forces in New England.

A grand finale has been arranged for Monday the 27th. This will embrace a illuminated parade, a roving company sing a "Hilly Field" salute and a band and fireworks on the beach, weather permitting.

It is expected that from 10,000 to 20,000 spectators will be present to witness this splendid concluding spectacle.

FARM FOR SALE

160 acres, 23 acres village, good orchard, smooth fields, good buildings—connected, overlooks beautiful lake. Only 5 minutes walk from village and R. R. station, with good high school. Price \$11,500, half cash, balance on mortgage. For info by

L. A. BROOKS
REAL ESTATE DEALER
10 Market Square
BETHEL, MAINE

UTK
Tailor Shop
Naimy Building
Tailoring for men and women. Remodelling, Alterations, Repairing, Cleaning and Pressing.

Raincoats Made to Order
for Men and Women

FARM
For Sale
Located in N. Newry 1 1/2 miles above Poplar Tavern on main road.

Two 160 acre lots in timber containing some good pulp and birch. About 40 acres cleared. Large house in good condition.

F. J. BRAUN,
39 Exchange St.
Portland, Me.

WEST BETHEL

Miss Libbie Lynne Goodridge was a recent guest of Mrs. B. S. Bennett at Gorham, N. H., also Julia Noyes at the Glen House.

Mrs. Warren Martin of Harrison is the guest of her son, Dean Martin, and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hobbs of Gorham, N. H., called on Mrs. Estella Goodridge, Sunday.

Misses Esther and Beatrice Tyler have returned to their home in Gorham, N. H.

Mrs. Thaddeus Linton and son, Alton, were the guests of her daughter, Mrs. Frank Hunt, in Gorham, N. H., a few days last week.

Mrs. Nellie Duval and son, Irving, of Fort Edwards, N. Y., are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Westleigh.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY

A cordial invitation is extended to strangers who belong to any of these organizations to visit meetings when in town.

BETHEL LODGE, No. 97, F. & A. M., meets in Masonic Hall the second Thursday evening of each month. T. I. Brown, W. M.; Fred B. Merrill, Secretary.

PURITY CHAPTER, No. 102, O. E. S., meets in Masonic Hall the first Wednesday evening of each month. Mrs. Elizabeth Garey, W. M.; Mrs. Pearl Tibbatts, Secretary.

MT. ABRAHAM LODGE, No. 31, I. O. O. F., meets in their hall every Friday evening. E. Leroy Good, N. G.; D. M. Fisher, Secretary.

SUNSET REBEKAH LODGE, No. 64, I. O. O. F., meets in Old Fellows' Hall the first and third Monday evenings of each month. Mrs. Emily Forbes, N. G.; Mrs. Anna French, Secretary.

SUNSHINE LODGE, No. 29, K. of P., meets in Grange Hall every Tuesday evening. Leroy Andrews, C. C. John Harrington, R. of M. and S.

NACOMI TEMPLE, No. 63, PYTHIAN SISTERS, meets the second and fourth Wednesday evenings of each month at Grange Hall. Mrs. Hester K. Sanborn, M. E. C. Mrs. Minnie Bennett, M. of E. and C.

BROWN POST, No. 84, G. A. R., meets at Old Fellows' Hall the second and fourth Thursdays of each month. A. H. Hutchinson, Commander; I. O. Jordan, Adjutant; L. N. Bartlett, Q. M.

BROWN W. R. C., No. 36, meets in Old Fellows' Hall the second and fourth Thursday evenings of each month. Mrs. Arvilla Morgan, President; Mrs. Eva Hastings, Secretary.

GEORGE A. MUNDT POST, No. 31, AMERICAN LEGION, meets the first Tuesday of each month in its rooms. William Mackay, Commander; Howard Tyler, Adjutant.

BETHEL ORANGE, No. 56, F. of H., meets in their hall the first and third Thursday evenings of each month. G. J. Haggood, M.; Mrs. Eva Hastings, Secretary.

"Cold in the Head"

An acute attack of nasal catarrh. These catarrhs to frequent colds in the head will lead to the use of HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE. It is a powerful remedy for the cure of colds, catarrhs, and other ailments of the head and throat. It is a powerful remedy for the cure of colds, catarrhs, and other ailments of the head and throat.

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CANT

Teachers for the year have been assigned as follows: High School, M. C. W. Valerie McCollister, French and English; Mrs. Mary McGrammer, Department of Grammar, Canton, Intermont; Mrs. Lida A. T. Mary Department, M. Fayette will return Gilbertville.

Sgt. and Mrs. W. I. entertaining his parents, W. O. Chase, and two towns.

Mr. and Mrs. G. daughter, Ruth, spent Harpswell.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry are receiving the birth of a daughter. Mrs. Anna Bailey is Fred Rows of Auburn. The little son of Mr. Ranks has been taken at Lewiston for treatment accompanied by his mother. Lela Gilbert has been Mrs. Lida A. T. Mary. Mrs. Eliza Gilbert is at South Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. W. I. daughter, Mrs. A. L. T. A large crowd attended at Lake Umbagog, which was given by (Miller, field representative) Division, A. B. C., and of the Canton Red Cross. It was manifested in learned in the short time was here. He was assisted by Mrs. (Pinehaven), Philadore Daigle, Walter Canton and Gerald Now. The Red Cross plan to structure for a week next. Miller was a guest at I during his stay in town.

Mrs. Leon Roberts and son, E. E. daughter of Auburn had of their grandparents, Mr. W. Ellis, and mother, Mrs. Lass.

Miss Sasie Flagg of been a guest of Miss C. cell.

Miss Elizabeth Holmes to her home in Plymouth.

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If you have yourself of car because afford it—not work

Weekly

So plan to a family. Make which will interest. Y Soon the per by the bank.

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CANTON

Teachers for the coming year have been assigned as follows: Principal of High School, M. C. Walters; Warren, Miss Valerie McCollister, Pawtucket, R. I.; French and English, Miss Louise Jacobs, Vassalboro, Science and Mathematics, Miss Mary McDowell, Princeton, Grammar Department; Mrs. Josephine Wilson, Canton, Intermediate Department; Mrs. Lida A. Tyler, Canton, Primary Department. Miss Nina Tobin of Fayette will return to the school at Gilbertville.

Supt. and Mrs. W. L. Chase have been entertaining his parents, Supt. and Mrs. W. O. Chase, and two daughters of Old Town.

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Johnson and daughter, Ruth, spent the week end at Harpswell.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy M. Brown of Livermore are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter on Friday.

Mrs. Anna Bailey is a guest of Mrs. Fred Rowe of Auburn.

The little son of Mr. and Mrs. Alton Banks has been taken to the hospital at Lewiston for treatment. He was accompanied by his mother.

Lola Gilbert has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. Lida Sturtevant, of Auburn. Mrs. Etta Gilbert is visiting relatives at South Paris.

Miss Mary Sheehan of Dorchester, Mass., is a guest of Miss Winona Nickerson.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Ingersoll of Monmouth were Sunday guests of their daughter, Mrs. A. L. Tirrell, and family.

A large crowd attended the demonstration of life-saving and resuscitation at Lake Umbagog, Saturday.

Which was given by Capt. Robert B. Miller, field representative of the N. E. Division, A. B. C., under the auspices of the Canton Red Cross. Much interest was manifested and much was learned in the short time Mr. Miller was here.

He was assisted by Robert Morse of "Pinehaven," Chas. A. Ray, Philadore Daigle, Waldron Morse of Canton and Gerald Newman of Auburn.

The Red Cross plan to secure an instructor for a week next season. Capt. Miller was a guest at Pinewood Camp during his stay in town.

Mrs. Leon Roberts and son of Readfield and Mrs. Eunice Brennan and daughter of Auburn have been guests of their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Ellis, and mother, Mrs. Harry Douglas.

Miss Sasie Plagg of Buckfield has been a guest of Miss Charlotte Bicknell.

Miss Elizabeth Holmes has returned to her home in Plymouth, Mass.

Miss Julia Bryant is teaching school in the Wyman District.

Dr. E. E. Holt of Portland has been a guest of his sister, Mrs. Etta Glover, and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Ned Russell have returned to their home in Somerville, Mass.

Frank Hollis and family of Portland have been guests of his brother, E. K. Hollis, and family.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Newman and son, Gerald, of Auburn have been guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Lucas.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Bicknell and children of Sanford have been guests of relatives in town.

C. W. Walker is at Bangor this week, exhibiting nine head of cattle at the fair.

Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Stratton and children of Bangor Centre have been guests of her sister, Miss Lida Abbott.

A party from Pinewood Camp, numbering sixteen, attended the dance at Bear Pond, Saturday evening.

Mrs. Lucy Dyke of Hallowell has been visiting her father, A. F. Russell, and family.

John Towle has gone to South Paris to work.

Miss Alice Walker is spending a portion of her vacation at her home in town.

Miss Edna Tirrell has returned to her duties at the C. M. G. Hospital.

A mock trial was enjoyed one evening at Pinewood Camp last week, which proved amusing and interesting.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Butterfield of Biddeford have been guests of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Butterfield.

A ball game Saturday at Canton between the Oxford of Bangor and Canton resulted in a victory for the home team by a score of 24 to 6.

JUST SUPPOSING?

Tax exempt bonds are issued by cities, counties, states and nation. The holder of these bonds pays no taxes on the income derived therefrom.

Bill Jones whose income results from his labor and investments in industries pays every known form of taxation and he pays considerably more than is just in order to make up for amounts lost to the government through "tax-exempt" incomes.

Supposing everybody tried to get tax-exempt bonds, where would the money come from to run the government.

The continued issuance of tax-exempt bonds drains money away from productive enterprise and increases the tax burden on all those who do not hold the bonds.

MAINE INDUSTRIAL REVIEW

Encouragement of Industries, Large and Small, Means Dimes and Dollars to Us, One and All

That's a jingle filled with Sound Truth. Analyze any of the following items of industry in your city or State and see if it has not some direct or indirect bearing on your welfare. A dollar spent industrially is the drop of water that wears away the fear of unemployment.

Portland—\$900 pines planted on Lake Sebago, making total of 20,000. Arceuthobium County farmers are asking for loans totaling nearly \$1,000,000 from the Maine farm lands loan commission but under the apportionment only \$109,000 can be advanced in that country.

Belfast—Canning factories in Waldo county working at top speed.

Portland—Contract let for construction of 15,110 square yards of paving on Forest Avenue.

Bath—New hosiery factory to be erected, to employ several hundred persons.

Augusta—Contract let for construction of \$15,415 steel bridge.

Portland—Chico Ice Company begins operation with \$1,000,000 capital.

Lewiston—Catholics purchase site on Lisbon road for new church to be erected soon.

Portland—Contract to be let for paving Woodford street from Lawn to Stevens Avenue.

Unusually large hay crop being harvested throughout State.

Portland—New filling station to be built.

Augusta—Contract to be let for construction of new dormitory at State normal school.

Portland—Eastern Grain Company are working on the schoolhouse at Bangor. Working day and night filling heavy orders.

Bath—New slipper manufacturing company to begin operations.

Backport—Henry S. Glenn Shoe Company begins manufacture of shoes and boots, capital \$50,000.

Portland—City purchases new fire apparatus, costing \$9,500.

Fort Fairfield—Construction of new high school building nearing completion.

Portland—Construction of road to foot of Mt. Katahdin completed.

Lewiston—New filtration plant being installed in Lewiston Hyacinthery & Dye Works plant.

Portland—Contract to be let for repairs on Staple school.

Bangor—Waiting room of Bangor Railway & Electric Company to be opened.

Portland—Extension of harbor breakwater to Spring Point proposed.

Raymond—Plans being made for construction of bridge over Jordan river to cost \$15,000.

Waterville—Plans under way for establishment of new bank.

Ashland—High Meadow Seed Company begins operation with \$100,000 capital.

Casa Bay—Building boom still in progress.

New England railroads hauled largest traffic in history during first six months of 1923, with business in June the largest in any month ever recorded. 1,021,770 cars were loaded with revenue freight in week ended June 30.

Contrasted with its disadvantageous position with reference to cables, the United States is in a peculiarly good situation with regard to wireless. Our location on the globe preeminently fits us to be the radio central of the world. Europe and Asia both send to us and their messages are forwarded by us in the proper direction, or relayed to South America, as the case may be. London is the heart of the cable, but New York is the center of the radio world.

Under government operation railroad losses of freight totaling \$119,500,000 in 1920 decreased to \$4,500,000 in 1923 under private ownership. The freight was lost, damaged or stolen in transit.

Factory payroll growth is shown by following figures: Wages and salaries \$10,783,442,000 in 1921 compared to \$22,212,577,000 in 1923. Census reports show increase of products to \$11,643,242,000 from \$12,947,500,000 in seven years.

SOUTH BETHEL
Aunt Grace of Auburn has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Frank Brooks, for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Copeland of Bethel were in town one day last week. Harry Chase was home from Bangor where he has employment over the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brooks and daughter, Blanche, Charles Mason and Arthur Brooks married to Old Orchard, Sunday.

Ethel Yeagley is at West Paris, visiting friends.

Mrs. Walter Yeagley was at Locke's Mills, shopping, recently.

Arthur Brooks of South Paris visited relatives here over the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hall and family have moved into the Tolbert Company rent here.

ANDOVER

Mr. and Mrs. David Callahan and Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Ferren from Forest Hills, Mass., have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Sidney P. Abbott for the past ten days.

Mr. and Mrs. John A. Gammon from Providence, R. I., have been recent guests of her father, John F. Talbot, and sister, Mrs. Fred Milton.

There was a poultry culling demonstration at the farm of Walter Bailey, Wednesday forenoon.

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Thurston and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Cedric Thurston, and daughter and Mrs. Alice Thurston enjoyed an auto ride to Rangeley, Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Elliott Hodgkins, who have been visiting their daughter, Mrs. Lucien Akers, returned to their home in Littleton, N. H., Monday.

Mr. Herbert L. White from Auburn has been tuning pianos in town this week.

C. A. Rand, who has been confined to his home by illness, is able to be about town.

Miss McCobb from Portland, who is a guest at the "Homestead," gave a reading at the home of Mrs. C. A. Andrews, Wednesday, that was much enjoyed. The proceeds are to be used to help pay for the new hymnals recently purchased for the Congregational church.

Mr. and Mrs. Shirley Smith, Mrs. Emma Pratt and son, Merton Fox, Miss Hazel Mills, Miss Faye Dresser and Howard Dunning spent a few days this week at Fred Bartlett's camp on Lake Keweenaw, North Steneham.

Mrs. Richard Talbot and two daughters from Augusta are visiting her sister, Mrs. E. J. Pratt, and Mr. John F. Talbot.

Charles Ripley and Samuel Marston are working on the schoolhouse at Andover. Chemical toilets are being installed.

The Elliot and Bartlett spool mill is shut down this week while repairs are being made.

At the King's Daughter's sale \$211.67 was taken.

Mrs. Edward Stuart entered a Portland hospital, Monday, for treatment.

Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Ripley and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Ripley from Farmington were guests Sunday of C. L. Ripley and family.

Miss Annie Gregg has returned from a visit with friends in Buckfield.

Miss Annie Akers, who has been visiting friends in Portland, is in Chelsea, Mass., the guest of her brother, C. E. Akers.

SOUTH WOODSTOCK
Mrs. A. B. Hendrickson and daughter, Mary, Mr. and Mrs. Alvah Hendrickson and Alta and Walter Bryant were in South Paris and Norway, Friday.

Maude Benson has a new Overland automobile.

Miss Gladys Thurlow was given a surprise party Saturday night. Refreshments of fudge, assorted candy and peanuts were served. She received many nice presents.

Miss Ruth Strand of Topsham is a guest of Miss Myrtle Hendrickson.

Hilja Pulkkinen, who has been at the Hebrew Sanitarium, passed away Saturday night. The funeral was held at her late home Monday afternoon. Burial was at West Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Littlehale and family and Mr. and Mrs. Alvah Hendrickson and family attended the Littlehale reunion at A. D. Littlehale's at North Paris, Sunday.

Walter Bryant is boarding at Alvah Hendrickson's.

HIRE THEM DURING GOOD BEHAVIOR

The change in the view of public service corporations from privileged institutions enjoying a private snap called a franchise to public servants hired to supply certain necessities has developed other ideas. When the right to use the streets was treated as a valuable privilege, permitting the holder to charge all that the traffic would bear or all that its terms stipulated, it was granted for a fixed term and all obligations of the holder had to be met within that term. If large expenditures became necessary near the end of the term, money could not be borrowed on long-term bonds extending beyond the term at low interest. It had to be borrowed on notes due within the term and to be paid from earnings during the life of the franchise, also bearing a high rate of interest. Cost of service was raised by the amount of this principal and interest, and the public paid in correspondingly higher rates.

The corporation is now regarded as a public servant—a sort of hired man to supply gas, electricity or transportation. It is authorized to use the streets for those purposes, and its charges are regulated by a public commission to require a certain quality of service and to yield a certain rate of income on its plant over cost of service. This plan permits of no value as attaching to the franchise. If income on such value were included in cost of service, the public would in effect be charging itself for the use of its own streets. The public, on the contrary, is directly interested in keeping down the expenses of a company, for it thereby keeps down the rates that it pays.

When that is the situation, any limit to the period during which a company has the right to occupy the streets works directly against those whom it serves. When that limit is near, the company must either pay high interest in order to make improvements or repairs or it must let its plant run down. In the former case the public pays high rates to cover the loan and interest, in the latter case it gets poor service. The

way to escape the dilemma is to fix no time limit to the franchise, to regard the company as a man hired to work for the public with his own tools, and to let it hold the job as long as it does well. This plan has been found to work to the public advantage in more ways than one. A company that gives poor results can be "fired" without the long, costly process of forfeiting a franchise, but it can hold the job indefinitely provided it gives good service. It can therefore maintain and improve its plant at minimum cost. The company is on its good behavior, and the public gets good service at reasonable rates.

But much depends on the type of men that the people elect to the public commission. If they elect men competent to solve intricate business problems, who act as unprejudiced judges between the corporations and their customers and who have courage to do an unpopular thing when justice dictates, they will be well served and the corporations will do their duty, both to hold their jobs and because they can be confident of a square deal. If the people elect incompetent men or men who play politics with their jobs, service will deteriorate, through lack of efficient supervision, through inadequate rates and through doubt on the part of companies that they will hold their jobs.—Portland, Oregonian.

We do job work as it should be done. Send for estimates. Citizen Print Shop.

MUTT AND JEFF

Always the leader in the great field of American comic artists stands Bud Fisher, who draws his Mutt and Jeff feature every day for the

BOSTON GLOBE

Daily and Sunday

Make the Globe your Boston newspaper.

Read today's Boston Globe.

WHY PAY MORE?

We are now prepared to furnish

BIRD'S AMERICAN FOURS -
Four in one
10 X 40

Green Slate Surfaced Asphalt Shingles

PRICE \$5.50 per M

This shingle is a winner and weighs 200 lbs. to the square. Call and see our supply of

Roofing Material

THIS IS NOT ALL WE CARRY IN STOCK.

H. ALTON BACON

Bryant's Pond, Maine

L. F. PIKE CO.

Men's Clothing Stores

The Style You Want
for Fall

No matter how stylish a suit is, if it isn't the style you want, you don't want it. Men's tastes differ; and we take these differences into account when we buy clothes for our customers.

We have already received a splendid variety of New Fall Suits in the various popular styles, fabrics and colorings.

We sincerely invite you to visit our two stores, and see them. You're under no obligation to buy but we want you to call in.

NEW FALL HATS AND CAPS
are here looking for you to put them to work. They are attractive.

SWEATERS AND SPORT COATS
are selling fast. New ones arriving constantly.

You know our reputation. Big assortments, a square deal or none. Why not come?

NORWAY

BLUE STORES SOUTH PARIS, ME.

Enroll Now—For Only



You Can Order a
Ford

and in a short time it will be yours.

If you have delayed placing your order because of the cash outlay necessary—you need wait no longer.

If you have been depriving your family and yourself of the pleasures and benefits of a car because you felt that you could not afford it—order now and know that it will not work any hardship on you. Use the

Ford

Weekly Purchase Plan

So plan to ride and be happy, you and your family. Make the first payment of \$5 today which will be deposited in a local bank at interest. You can add a little each week. Soon the payments, plus the interest paid by the bank, will make the car yours.

Come in and learn about this new plan.

Herrick Bros. Co.

BETHEL, MAINE

The dimensions of the edifice over

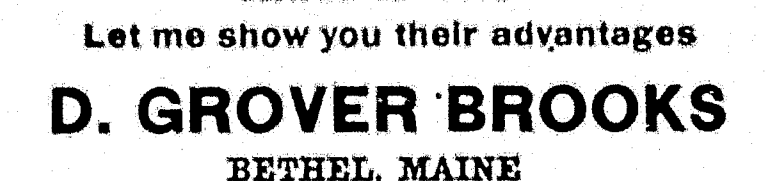
In addition to housing the priceless relics of Washington possessed by the

Walker's, Canton, 1 P. M.; E. V. Bra-
den's, East Hamer, 3 P. M.

The intensive gardener has his soil as fertile as possible, spaces the rows closely and follows one crop by another the same year as often as possible. Onion sets are thrust into the ground wherever there is a vacant

Are you reading the Sunday Globe's 24-Page Pictorial and Fiction Magazine?

The Salvation Army Annual Camp Meeting
OLD ORCHARD, MAINE
Saturday, Aug. 18th, to Monday, Aug. 27th
 400 STAFF AND FIELD OFFICERS
 New England Staff Band, 42 Instrumentalists and Singers
COLONEL W. MCINTYRE, Presiding
SUNDAY, AUGUST 19th, 10 A. M.,
Commander Evangeline Booth
 Use of America's Foremost Women Orators
 Grand Fete on the Beach (Weather Permitting)
 Monday, August 20th - New England Staff Band
 Hoge Comedians Sing - Bonfire - Fireworks
 A Superb Colonial Spectacular
 15,000 to 20,000 Spectators Expected



(ONE DAY ONLY)



BETHEL, MAINE

BARTLETT BROS., Bethel, Me.

The "Undesirable Citizen"
Of course, in all towns as well as in all cities there are men who can talk biggest when they are away from home where they are not known. They study the use of the gun, the stick, the knife and dodge cowardly, base, cowardly as they attempt to outwitted by force. There are even those who seek to retard progress and seem to take greatest satisfaction in the failure of public effort to develop the town in the largest possible degree. These men are a nuisance but they are a nuisance in the way that officers are often endeavor to discharge their every duty and protect their rights. They are also concerned in small towns when they would be in great cities, for never there would be practically no trouble. It is a common mistake to think that the law is the protection, for the law is the weakling of the land he is concerned for and needs to be protected by the way of the police.

To Great Slave Orchids.
In an effort to make the orchid collection of the Michigan Botanical Garden one of the largest in the world, an expedition of 11 men and 10 mules will go to the high, South American, in search to obtain additional plants. It was announced.

The varieties *californica* and *californica subbrevis* of the same variety are the species especially sought, it was explained. In addition the search will be for new species.

The quarantine against importation of foreign plants maintained by the Department of Agriculture to prevent importation of injurious insects will be lifted for the expedition, it is said.

Michigan Cycle Event

The city manager of Mount Pleasant, Mich., figures that it will have cost that city \$267,750 to retire its \$115,000 water improvement bonds issued in 1902, owing to failure to make proper provision for retirement by serial bond or sinking-fund method.—*Chicago Daily News.*

Teaching Business Administration.
In Evansville, Ind., the chamber of
commerce and Evansville college have
been co-operating in giving community
courses in business administration.

the gasoline you k in 1910 or '11? member the price or so at the dif- cents for a differ- melling, supplies ally buy today at hat price. Those oline would test e, to 76¢, with hat about 350¢. And A disinter- gasoline sold in America in July, average dry-point between 392¢. ure country the uch high end- ously responsible the troubles with and it is a re- y the researches e engineers, that ctically impos- in the efficiency ne.

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adv. e editor and sum- eary section of Dever- dence Pub- pend at

GIFT OF THE DESERT

by RANDALL PARRISH

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SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—On the isolated Meager ranch, on the southern border, Deborah Meredith, trained nurse, is in distress and in danger, whose husband has recently been killed, victim of an accident. Immediately after the death, Bob Meager, Mrs. Meager's husband, arrives and takes possession of the ranch, and the possibility of her getting away, alone.

CHAPTER II.—Meager plots over Deborah's plight, telling her he has come for a justice of the peace, who will marry them tomorrow. Horrified, she secures a revolver.

CHAPTER III.—The justice, Cornelius Garity, a small and timid friend of Meager's, arrives with a party, among them the "Frisco Kid," notorious desperado. The girl looks herself up.

CHAPTER IV.—Forced by Bob, Mrs. Meager departs from the ranch, but she secures the justice, who is married to her, and escapes and hides her room.

CHAPTER V.—Meager seeks the girl, but she stuns him with the revolver and escapes to the stable, hoping to secure a horse and escape. Any- where from Meager, if she must escape, she is the desert. In the stable she meets the "Frisco Kid." Somehow he saves her with confidence and she escapes the situation, he not having been present at the wedding.

CHAPTER VI.—The "Kid" tells her he came to Daniel Kellen, that he is a friend of Meager's, and securing two horses, he takes her to the desert.

CHAPTER VII.—Alone with Kellen, the girl becomes friendly and reveals her true character, that he is really a friend of Meager's, and she is a woman of arms into Mexico, among Meager and Garity.

CHAPTER VIII.—Kellen explains that the "Frisco Kid" is a desperado, a regular army, detailed to do the dirty work of Meager and Garity. He is a man of arms into Mexico, among Meager and Garity.

CHAPTER IX.—While resting, after a long ride, Kellen explains to Deborah, who is now a prisoner, that she is a woman of arms into Mexico, among Meager and Garity.

CHAPTER X.—Deborah's captor carries her to what is a small, isolated ranch, where she is a prisoner. She is a woman of arms into Mexico, among Meager and Garity.

CHAPTER XI.—Kellen explains to Deborah, who is now a prisoner, that she is a woman of arms into Mexico, among Meager and Garity.

CHAPTER XII.—Kellen explains to Deborah, who is now a prisoner, that she is a woman of arms into Mexico, among Meager and Garity.

CHAPTER XIII.—Kellen explains to Deborah, who is now a prisoner, that she is a woman of arms into Mexico, among Meager and Garity.

CHAPTER XIV.—Kellen explains to Deborah, who is now a prisoner, that she is a woman of arms into Mexico, among Meager and Garity.

CHAPTER XV.—Kellen explains to Deborah, who is now a prisoner, that she is a woman of arms into Mexico, among Meager and Garity.

"H—! What brought 'em there?" The judge didn't know. He got it from somebody at the post. The outfit started south, but that's where they were bound."

"You don't suppose they know?" "Sure not—only suspect that stuff is being run through again along this trail. All we got to do is lie low awhile."

"No one has seen Gomez?" "He hasn't put his head out of this hole. You haven't seen him yourself, Juan. Come on; he must be back in there asleep somewhere now likely. Keep one hand on the wall."

"Shall I strike a match, senor?" "No, not here; wait till we turn the bend; then it will not show outside. Can't be long now till daylight comes."

Kellen, silently pressed into the rift of the rock, the dead man at his feet, could mark the passage of the two clearly by the scraping of feet as they groped their way along the stone floor. Following the opposite wall they would miss any contact with Gomez's body, and there was nothing he could do but stand and let them pass.

The two men had turned the sharp corner, the slight sound of their movements ceasing to reach his ears. Then the faint glow of a match reflected along the rock wall, the silence broken by Meager's voice.

"There's the lantern, Juan—in that niche, see. Here, turn up the wick."

The flame brightened suddenly, but the outer tunnel yet remained black. Only in the distance the light flickered along the walls, casting weird shadows. One of the men evidently held the lantern up, peering about curiously.

"He's not here, senor; where's the old devil, anyhow?" They moved forward with the light, and Kellen, all fear swiftly lost in his intense interest, crept on to the curve of the tunnel, from which point he could see their dim shadows. Behind him, but unperceived, daylight began to be visible through the mantle of vines concealing the entrance. The dark figure on the floor assumed vague outline. The two men in the lantern glow came to a halt, thrusting the light forward, peering at the object which had attracted them. The Mexican identified it first in a sudden cry.

"It's a body, a dead man," he exclaimed. "He has been killed—Manuel!"

Meager held back, the coward gripping him, but Sanchez bore the lantern forward, desperate to learn the truth. His startled voice came down the passage.

"It's not Gomez," he cried, "and no face I ever saw before. Perhaps you know the man?"

"No; but there has been a fight, or a murder—see, he has been shot; and in the back, by G—d! Gomez must have done this job. But what has become of the old devil? And who was this kid? What was he doing here? See if there is anything in his pocket, Juan. Give me the lantern."

He held it up, as the Mexican dropped to his knees, and began to rummage through the dead man's clothes. The increasing daylight of the desert found entrance far above, and stole down the narrow passage in a faint, ghastly glimmer, which only added to the ghastliness of the scene. The strain was too much for Meager's nerves, and he awoke gruffly.

"Come on," he said fiercely, "bring this d—d hole."

Kellen turned, his first impulse being to escape, to rush toward that dim glimmer of light now plainly marking the cave entrance. Yet the quality of such an effort came to him instantly. There was a better way than that, and he whirled back to face them, as the two came cautiously forward, the glow of the lantern glimmering like a red star. The hand with the weapon in it fell to a level, and he fired, the glass clicking into a thousand pieces, the light instantly extinguished.

Kellen's plan of action had formed swiftly in his mind. He had a glimmer of what this conspiracy meant, but could learn more only one method was possible—a confession from Bob Meager. The real secret of this tunnel was in the passage, and that Manuel Gomez was dead. He must be able to tell.

The advantage in this encounter was all theirs. He knew the place, where they were, they possessed the knowledge of his rifle position, who he was, or whether they feared him or despised him. They had been taken completely by surprise, startled by the sudden attack, confused in the darkness. He had both of them at his mercy.

The alarm was instant after that first gunshot sound. There was no momentary pause, even the sound of breathing ceased. The two men stood motionless, crouched back against the wall, peering into the blackness from where that foggy of smoke had leaked into their very faces, yet revealing nothing. They could neither think nor act. They had fired—Manuel Gomez was dead—who had trapped them? Were they facing one man, or a dozen? What had they blindly realized? Content of his own safety, realizing that he had the whip hand, Kellen smiled grimly, every nerve tensed, his revolver poised. The situation pleased him.

"Drop your guns, both of you!" he commanded sternly. "Quick now! I've got you against the light."

"Who the d—d?" "Keep that! Drop them, or I shoot something besides a lantern. It's a hair trigger I'm playing with."

He heard both weapons fall to the floor, Meager cursing impatiently, but the Mexican silent. Kellen laughed.

"Kick them away from you—that's right! Not bad fellows when properly



"Now, Up With Your Hands!"

handed, I see. Now up with your hands, and back against the wall there."

He could not see the fellows, not so much as an outline of them, yet knew they obeyed the order. It was a bluff which worked because they had believed themselves allotted against that distant gray bar of light far down the passage, targets not to be easily missed. That cool, stern voice, unfamiliar in the echoing tunnel, meant business, resented like a steel file on Meager's nerves.

"By G—d! Who are you?" he snarled eagerly. "What the h—d do you want?"

"The first is of no importance. Meager" returned, a low, guttural sound. "But I'll answer for you. You want to know what you're doing. You want to know I've got you here, trapped; make a false move, and you'll see me here. Now throw that belt about the Mexican—sure I know who you both are. I came here gunning for you two guys—around his arms—now, d—n you, draw it tight! Yes—that's exactly what I mean—strap them to his body."

Just what happened is not clear. Kellen could not see; he dare not take a step closer to make sure. The chances are that Sanchez had two guns at his waist. He had discarded one, but the other yet remained. Not certain that he was not outlined against the background of light, he dare not attempt to draw; but now, his hands lowered, as Meager drew the belt about his arms, desperate, bitter with hate, his fingers must have gripped the butt. With one convulsive effort he fired in the direction of the voice. The bullet struck the side wall, sent a splinter of rock tearing into Kellen's cheek, yet even as he staggered back half blinded in the flame, he had glimpses of the maddened Mexican, running blindly down the passage. An instant the fellow stood out clear, his head thrust forward, his arms still held by the belt clasp; then Kellen pulled trigger, and the runner sprawled out, flat and motionless, into the very center of that little pool of daylight.

It was the swift work of an instant, then darkness, and Meager's huge bulk crushed Kellen against the wall in one mad effort to kill. For a moment the smaller man, taken completely by surprise, struggled helplessly to escape the stranglehold of those clutching fingers. The revolver dropped from his hand, and he was forced resolutely backward, strangled, unable to tear loose that vicious grip. As the two fell, however, Meager's head struck the rock, the sharp blow so dazing him as to prevent Kellen an instant of relief, a long, fresh breath, the release of one arm. Underneath him, pressing against his hip, lay the gun he had been forced to drop. With desperate effort he seized possession of the weapon, thrusting the muzzle straight into Meager's face.

"D—n you!" he cried. "Feel that! Get up, or I'll blow a hole through your head. You dirty brute, to kill your own man for a measly five hundred! Do you know me now?"

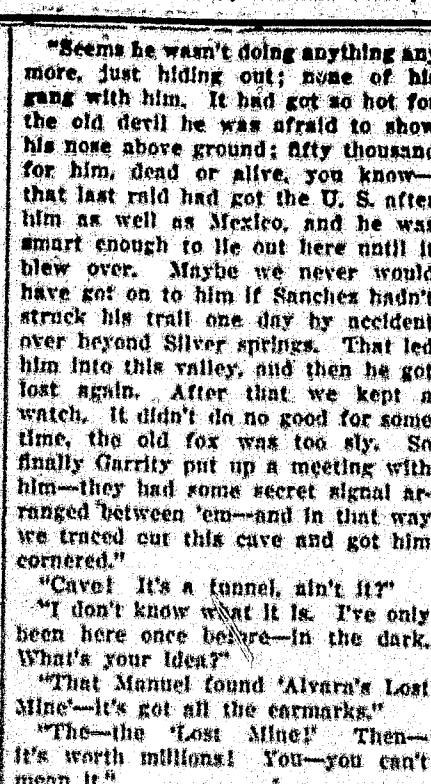
The fellow, although he could attack, still providing back against the rock, shuffled, but he made no reply. The maddened daylight gave Kellen the outline of the bulky figure, but features were lost in the dark.

"What! and you're the 'Frisco Kid'?" Kellen thought, "that's a damn good one. Then you'd better make sure you're not a fake. You're a damn good one, and I'm very much alive. Now I've got you. Like to make a game of it? I don't kill you."

"You want me to squeal first?" Meager hesitated, and Kellen's gun cocked harder.

"You better spit it out, Bob; I'd sure love to shoot."

"Well, d—n you, what's the difference? Garity told me the fellow was hiding in here somewhere. Manuel used to come in here when he needed stuff, but he never was able to track him—he was too d—n smart for the judge. That was what I came up here for, and mostly the reason why I grabbed the ranch—see. Garity fired things, because he knew Manuel had a h—l of a lot of stuff stored away. We wanted a free hand. When I came up I fired every American, and took on Mexicans I knew. We run just cattle enough on as to get an excuse for exploiting the desert. We knew the d—n slippery case was his around here, but couldn't get onto his hide."



"Now, Up With Your Hands!"

"Seems he wasn't doing anything any more, just hiding out; none of his gang with him. It had got so hot for the old devil he was afraid to show his nose above ground; fifty thousand for him, dead or alive, you know—that last raid had got the U. S. after him as well as Mexico, and he was smart enough to lie out here until it blew over. Maybe we never would have got on to him if Sanchez hadn't struck his trail one day by accident over beyond Silver Springs. That led him into this valley, and then he got lost again. After that we kept a watch. It didn't do no good for some time, the old fox was too sly. So finally Garity put up a meeting with him—they had some secret signal arranged between 'em—and in that way we traced out this cave and got him cornered."

"Cave! It's a tunnel, ain't it?" "I don't know what it is. I've only been here once before—in the dark. What's your idea?"

"That Manuel found 'Alvira's Lost Mine'—it's got all the earmarks."

"The—'Lost Mine'! Then—it's worth millions! You—you can't mean it!"

"It's only a guess; let's chuck that now, and finish up with Gomez."

"Yes, but wait!" exclaimed Meager eagerly, suddenly seeing a chance for himself. "There ain't no use of you making any company with me, 'Kid.' What's the matter with us being partners? There's only three of us know about this—see, Garity ain't me. H—! there must be money enough here to make us all rich; Gomez has got a devil of a lot hid away somewhere, and good G—d! if this is the 'Lost Mine'—"

Kellen hesitated, not from any doubt as to his own power, but in an endeavor to choose the best method. Meager's plan opened new possibilities; the man must know more than he had revealed, while Garity was only a man deeper versed in the matter. Does any man would be more valuable alive than dead.

"That sounds fair enough, Bob," he replied quietly. "You say the judge is in on it, too?"

"Sure; he got the dope, and you can't play any tricks on Garity. He's coming here this morning."

"Here?" "That's what. We had a nice little surprise party all made up for Manuel, only you cooked the goose."

A low, peculiar whistle echoed through the passage, and Meager stopped suddenly. Again the whistle sounded, evidently from the entrance to the tunnel.

"I reckon that's him," he said grimly.

"I'll play the game," he answered shortly.

"Now what is it between us, 'Kid'—peace or war?"

Kellen thrust his revolver back into his belt.

"I'll play the game," he answered shortly.

"I'll play the game," he answered shortly.

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"I'll play the game," he answered shortly.

dark in here? That you, Manuel?" "Manuel is dead," explained Meager briefly. "He's been killed."

"Dead! Killed!" The judge pressed his body back against the rock. "What do you mean, Bob? Then who is this other fellow—Sanchez?"

Kellen took the matter into his own hands.

"I'm the 'Frisco Kid,'" he announced calmly, yet with one hand resting on his gun. "You know me, and that it is all right. I'm in on the deal, that's the only difference."

"Now, see here, Garity," broke in Meager gruffly. "It don't look to me as if there was anything else we could do. The 'Kid' got onto this himself. We both know he's all right, and under these conditions he ought to have his share. H—! if he don't, I reckon we won't any of us get any. Besides, there's only the three of us left—Manuel and Sanchez are both dead. And say, to you know what 'Frisco' says he believes this d—n tunnel is?"

"This tunnel? The cave, you mean?" "Sure; he says it's 'Alvira's Lost Mine'—and, by G—d! man, if it is, then maybe it's worth millions of coin."

Garity made no response. Kellen could not discern the expression of the man's face, but was suspicious that his hand rested threateningly on the butt of a revolver. The fellow was treacherous, unscrupulous, miserly even in crime, capable of any act to assure his gain. There was only one safe way of dealing with him—the way of force, the heavy hand. Yet he would make one more endeavor.

"Well, Judge," Kellen said quietly, "how do you like this plan?"

"I'm d—d if I see why I should divide up with you."

"You are rather dull this morning, Garity. I haven't much of a reputation for wasting words, have I? No doubt you have heard the 'Frisco Kid' knows how to shoot when needed? What more explanation do you want? I'm in on this deal, or you are a dead one—that's all. Now say which it is."

No man could have doubted the deadliness of Kellen's meaning. Garity knew the border code far too well to hesitate.

"Of course you're in. I—only wanted to understand."

"You've got it clear enough now, but we'll play safe. Your friend Meager here is unarmed, and you will be far better off without a gun—throw it over into that corner."

"And leave you free to murder us both?"

"Sure, if I decide it's best. Only I don't usually do business that way. You have heard plenty of stories about me, but no one ever said I shot a man treacherously. If you two play square there is no danger; but this is a case of two pitted against one; either one of you would cut a throat for a five-dollar bill. I'll give you a minute—throw away that gun!"

He stood fronting them both, the two between him and the stranger light. His face was emotionless, but the voice speaking was crisp and hard. The two knew him only as a desperado, a border rouser, a man whose willingness to kill had been proven. There remained no choice. Garity, growling forth an oath, flung his revolver into the dark corner savagely.

"Frisco him, Bob; I'm taking no chances this time—knife, boy! Hither an ugly tool, Garity—do all judges carry them? Yes, throw it over there along with the gun. Are you sure that is all? Now, Garity, turn about is fair play; try your hand on Meager—stripped clean, is he? Better feel inside his shirt; imagine he is a prisoner in your court. Good! Now, I reckon, we are in fair shape to discuss business together. First, gent, let me say this—I haven't the slightest objection in the world to killing both of you on general principles. I know your style, and I'm going to make the present situation perfectly clear. Both of you are d—n rascals, capable of any dirty deviltry. Send him in a minute if you only had a chance. I don't propose to give you that chance, for I know what my life is worth, and mean to protect it. I happen to need you just now alive, and, if you obey my orders, and answer my questions, you'll go away from here alive. If you don't, you'll be landed here—do you get that?"

"You mean to kill us anytime after you feel like it?"

"That's what I mean. That is what you would do, and you have no objection in the same case. Well, that doesn't happen to be my plan at all. In the first place, you've got me labeled wrong. I'm not really after the loot; I'm after you. Do you get that, Garity? Meager here is just a common thief; he's a brute, and therefore dangerous, but a d—n, speaking reward. All I care particularly about him is to save a woman."

"What woman?" The surprised question burst from the other fellow's lips before he could restrain it.

"Deborah Meredith, the woman you forced into marriage with you. But Garity here has been the evil genius of this border for the last few years. There is no crime he hasn't had a finger in. But no one could catch him—he's too smart. Now I've got you both—got you good and hard. I'm going to bring you in, dead or alive—but alive if possible."

"What the d—d are you?" burst forth Garity, his face flushed with perspiration.

"My name is Kellen, a captain of cavalry; I've been after you for three months."

"Good G—d! then you're not the 'Frisco Kid'?"

"I'm all the 'Kid' there ever was," Kellen said, calmly.

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party was simply manufactured to order; here is where he ends his desperate career. I would have kept the secret awhile longer if I could, but perhaps it is just as well. Now we understand each other, Garity, and the very best thing you can do will be to answer my questions."

Kellen paused, turning quickly over in his mind what he had better attempt. He felt a profound contempt for his prisoner, Meager, while a physical giant, was mentally no more than a mere cowardly brute. Garity might be truly dangerous—a sly, treacherous villain, but physically

unable to cope with him for a moment, and now utterly cowed. While he remained armed, and they were weaponless, he certainly had nothing to fear. His first intention had been to hold the fellows as prisoners, until the squad of troopers appeared; turn them over to the lieutenant in command, searching the cave later at his own leisure. But why wait? It might be an hour, two hours yet, before the soldiers arrived—and then there was Deborah. His thought leaped swiftly to the girl; what had happened to her during those long, dark hours? Where had she disappeared after he had been dashed from the rock? She had evidently escaped discovery; he knew that; had wandered off into the desert, doubtless, might be there still, lost in those leagues of sand, struggling for life. The vision called to him, yet he could not seek her until after his men came. These prisoners were far too important to be left unguarded. His duty as an officer held him as in a vice.

But he realized at that moment a decision that his heart was with Deborah Meredith. He must find her, rescue her, and—thank God!—there was time enough to accomplish this.

"When did you first learn that Gomez was hiding out in this neighborhood, Garity?" he questioned suddenly.

"Six months ago. I saw him in K-galer."

"Frisco?" "Yes, we had some deals together."

"Paid you for protection, did he?" "What did he want this time?"

"Provisions. I was to get him out grub at night; leave it at a certain spot. That was all."

"He didn't tell you where he was hiding out?"

"No, but he had plenty of money. I didn't get much information out of him; he never did trust anybody. The authorities had run him pretty close. I reckon; anyhow, he was all alone, not one of his gang left. When I couldn't find out anything more, I got Meager to come up here."

"After the older Meager was killed?"

"Sure; that gave me a chance."

"I see; the papers were all in your possession; not alone doctored them, were you?"

"What the d—d is that to you?"

"Not a great deal to me, perhaps. Lot of a d—d lot, either to a couple of women I know, or to a friend of mine. Old Tom Meager left an invalid widow, whom you fellows have, I believe, robbed systematically, and then there is the girl Bob forced into marriage. You didn't suppose I knew about all this, I imagine—well, I'm going to get to the very bottom of it before we are through. But just now I want to use the two of you. We'll find out between us just what Manuel did have hidden away in this hole. Line up there against the wall; face about the other way! Now listen! I've got both guns, my own, and the one Garity threw away; they are cocked and within three feet of your backs. I can't possibly miss you, and if you make one move, except as I tell you, I'm going to let drive. Are you ready?"

"Ready for what?"

"To do as I order. All right, there; light that lantern, Meager. Now there is plenty of light for me to see you by at this distance. Meager, stand slowly—Garity, you keep your hand on the wall, and you, Meager, take hold of Garity's sleeve; don't forget it if you do it's sure dead. Go on slow, a step at a time."

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